THE

# GERMANERATO,

OR

## A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH,

WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC.

*THE SECOND EDITION.*

BERLIN,

SOLD BY G. C. NAUK,

1798.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# TO THE DUTCHESS OF YORK.

Madam.

The notice with which you honour'd the German Erato on its first appearance, was so highly flattering, that I beg to be allowed to inscribe to your royal highneſs the present improved edition, in token of gratitude as well as of respect; and I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Your royal highneſs's most obedient
and obliged humble Servant

THE TRANSLATOR.

Berlin, 5. Dec. 1798.

# *ADVERTISEMENT.*

*It has always been lamented by the lovers of poetry, that masters of the greatest eminenee do not often shew equal ability in the choice of the verses they set to music, or rather, that they are commonly obliged to set such pieces as are put into their hands. Several of the following songs come under the above description; their chief merit consisting in the happy manner in which the musical part has been executed: and though occasional liberty has been taken in their version, yet they cannot be expected to have much the air of original compositions. This difficulty the translator has thought neceſsary to premise in order to soften the severity of criticism: Should such, however, in this collection, as admitted of a more literal translation, appear to disadvantage in their English dreſs, the fault, he must confeſs, will be entirely his own.*

## Hymn to Nature.

*Adagio.* *Schulz.*

1.

Holy Nature, heav'nly fair,
Lead me with thy parent care;
In thy footsteps let me tread,
As a willing child is led.

2.

When, with care and grief opprest,
Soft I sink me on thy breast;
On thy peaceful bosom laid,
Grief shall cease, nor care invade.

3.

O congenial pow'r divine,
All my votive soul is thine!
Lead me with thy parent care,
Holy Nature, heav'ly fair!

# Song.

*Vivace.* *Reichardt.*

Strew the way with fair - est flow'rs, Ev - 'ry ill for - get - ting;
Swift-ly fly the en - vious hours, Quick our sun is set - ting.
Daph - nis now in fro - lick dance, Sports with care un - - cloud - ed;
Yet, ere morn-ing's dawn ad - vance, See the strip - ling shrow-ed!

1.

Strew the way with fairest flow'rs,
Ev'ry ill forgetting;
Swiftly fly the envious hours,
Quick our sun is setting!
Daphnis now in frolick dance,
Sports with care unclouded;
Yet, ere morning's dawn advance,
See the stripling shrowded!

2.

See, in Hymen's joyous band
Blushing Phoebe plighting;
See, ere ev'ning's dews expand,
Death her eyes benighting!
Give then grief and moping care
To the breeze that paſses;
'Neath this beechen grove so fair
Quaff the jingling glaſses!

3.

Let not Philomel's soft strain
Trill neglected numbers,
Nor the hum of bees in vain
Lull to soothing slumbers.
Snatch, as long as fortune smiles,
Love and drinking pleasures;
Ruthleſs death no art beguiles,
Soon he steals our treaſures!

4.

Oér the dark and silent grave,
Where his prey repoſes,
Vain their wings the Zephyrs wave,
Scatt'ring breath of roses;
Vain the glaſses tinkling sound,
Death's dull ear invading;
Vain the frolic dance around,
Deftest measures treading!

## D u e t.

*Andantinó.* *Mozart.*

*Woman.*

The man - ly heart with love o'er -

*Man.*

flow-ing, Each fair - er vir - tue calls its own. 'Tis beau-ty's task, soft smiles be - -

*Both.*

stow-ing, To share and soothe the lo - ver's moan. Hail sa - cred

Love, thro' heav'n and earth. Hail sa - cred flame that gave us

birth. Hail sa - cred flame that gave us birth.

*Wom.*

And love the ills of life be -

*Man.*

gui-ling, The soul in will - ing bond - age leads. And while to

peace each trou - ble smiling, Its po - tent sway all na - ture



*Volti.*

*Both.*

pleads. Nor ought can dear - er rap - tures prove, Than two fond

hearts that tru - ly love, Than two fond hearts that tru - ly

love. Love and truth,

and truth and love, Love and truth, and truth and

1.

*Wom.* The manly heart with love o'erflowing,
Each fairer virtue calls its own.
*Man.* 'Tis beauty's task, soft smiles bestowing,
To share and soothe the lover's moan.
*Both.* Hail sacred love, thro' heav'n and earth!
Hail sacred flame that gave us birth!

2.

*Wom.* And love the ills of life beguiling
The soul in willing bondage leads:
*Man.* And while to peace each trouble smiling,
Its potent sway all nature pleads.
*Both.* Nor ought can dearer raptures prove,
Than two fond hearts that truly love.
Love and truth, and truth and love,
Emulate the joys above!

## Song.

*Affettuoso.* *Schulz.*

1.
By moon-light's softest lustre
With Laura o'er the green,
I stray'd, and busy fancy,
Still paints the tender scene.

2.
Soon breath'd the Zephyr warmer
As hand in hand we came;
And soon a gentle tremor
Seiz'd all my troubled frame.

3.
My Laura's eye reflected
Mild Cynthia's silver ray;
And on her lip it trembled,
And shed a sweeter day.

4.
A tear of love quick starting,
Fell glist'ning from my eye;
And tender sighs half stifled,
To Laura softly fly.

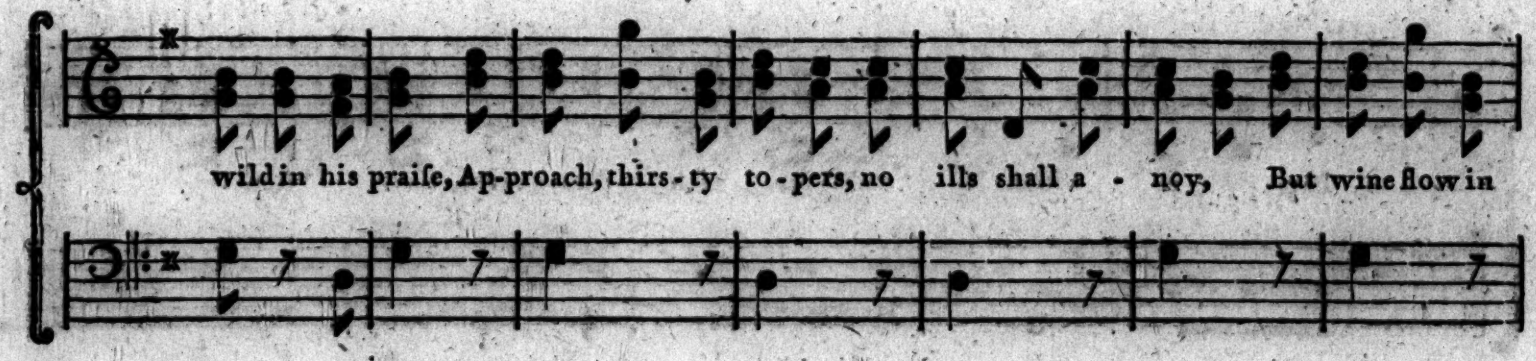
5.
All silent was the maiden,
A tear bedimm'd her sight;
The moon the tear illumin'd,
I mark'd its pearly light.

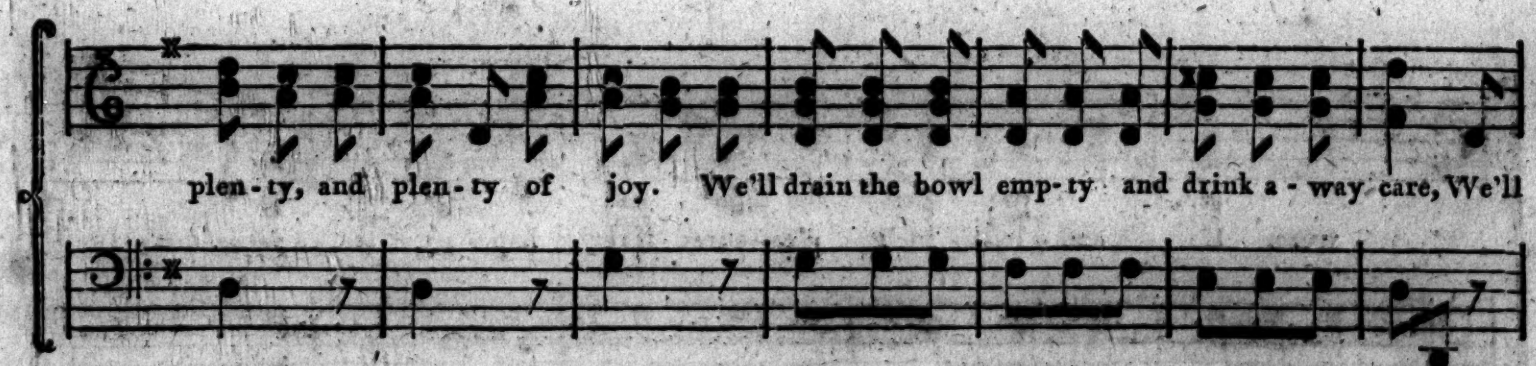
6.
Nor dreamt my gentle Laura
Her eye that tear betray'd:
The drop still paly glimmer'd
As down her cheek it stray'd.

7.
The landscape faded round me,
And vanish'd from my view:
Ah, surely shall I never
Such tender joys renew!

## A drinking Song.

*Dittersdorf.*




*Volti.*

drain the bowl emp - ty and driuk a - way care. If end - leſs such

plea - sures, how hap - py it were. If end - leſs such plea - sures, how

*Chor.*

hap - py it were. If end - leſs such plea - sures, how hap - py it

were. If end - leſs such plea - sures how hap - py it were.

1.

To Bacchus, dear Bacchus, an altar I'll raise;
And, full of his presence, grow wild in his praiſe.
Approach, thirsty topers, no ills shall anoy,
But wine flow in plenty, and plenty of joy.
We'll drain the bowl empty and drink away care.
If endleſs such pleasures, how happy it were!

2.

And Venus, bright goddeſs, the incense shall share,
And bumpers be quaff'd to the health of each fair.
In loves happy triumph each beauty shall shine,
And heighten the joys of the juice of the vine.
We'll drink, and we'll love, and we'll laugh away care.
If endleſs such pleasures, how happy it were!

## Song.

*Larghetto.* *Mozart.*

With - in these sa - cred bow - ers, The wretch shall find re - pose. No gloom-y ven - geance low - ers; Soft pi - ty heals his woes: While friend-ship's hand his steps shall stay, And hope shall point to bright - er

day. While friend-ship's hand his steps shall stay, And hope shall point to brighter
day. While friend-ship's hand his steps shall stay, And hope shall point to bright-er

1.

Within these sacred bowers,
The wretch shall find repose.
No gloomy vengeance lowers;
Soft pity heals his woes:
While friendship's hand his steps shall stay,
And hope shall point to brighter day.

2.

Here, far from noise and folly,
Fraternal love presides;
And sweetest melancholy
A hallow'd gueſt resides.
If scenes like theſe thy heart can share,
Then, bide a welcome pilgrim here.

## Song.

*Larghetto.* *Haydn.*

A prey to ten-der an-guish, Of ev'-ry joy be- reav'd, How
oft I sigh and lan-guish, How oft by hope de- ceiv'd! Still wish-ing, still de-
si-ring, To bliſs in vain a- spi-ring, A thou-sand tears I shed, In

1.

A prey to tender anguish,
Of ev'ry joy bereav'd,
How oft I sigh and languish!
How oft by hope deceiv'd!
Still wishing, still desiring,
To blifs in vain aspiring,
A thousand tears I shed,
In nightly tribute sped.

2.

And love and fame betraying,
And friends no longer true;
No smiles my face arraying,
No heart so fraught with woe!
So pafs'd my life's sad morning:
Young joys no more returning!
Alas, now all around,
Is dark and cheerlefs found!

3.

Ah, why did nature give me
A heart so soft and true;
A heart to pain and grieve me,
At ills that others rue?
At other's ills thus wailing,
And inward griefs aſsailing,
With double anguish fraught,
To throb each pulfe is taught.

4.

Erelong perchance my sorrow
Shall find its welcome close,
Nor distant far the morrow
That brings the wish'd repose:
When death, with kind embracing,
Each bitter anguish chasing,
Shall mark my peaceful doom,
Beneath the silent tomb.

5.

Then cease, my heart, to languish,
And cease to flow, my tears;
Though nought be here but anguish,
The grave shall end my cares.
On earth's soft lap reposing,
Life's idle pageant closing,
No more shall grief assail,
Nor sorrow longer wail.

## Song.

*Poco Adagio.* *Haydn.*

*sf.*

To sing of loves passion, I'm call'd by my fair; Ah, who would not

*sf.*

sing when com - mand - ed by her?

*sf.*

Yet loves softest lan - guish Cre - ates but new an - guish, Cre-

*cimbalo.*

ates but new an - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - guish: So fain, gen - tle

1.

To sing of loves passion, I'm call'd by my fair.
Ah! who would not sing when commanded by her?
Yet loves softest languish
Creates but new anguish,
So fain, gentle maid, the fond theme I'd forbear.

2.

Young Cupid triumphant, in mischief well skill'd
Subdues mighty princes and keeps the fair field.
Ambition declining,
To beauty resigning,
Each chief for the myrtle the laurel shall yield.

3.

The coward grows daring and pants for the fray:
The miser free-hearted, the splenetic gay;
Grave wisdom admiring,
Grows mad with desiring;
The bachelor sighs for the fair till he's gray.

4.

Yet when the fond heart is bewilder'd in joy,
And loves softest raptures the moments employ,
Dear pleasures so cheating!
Soft transports so fleeting!
A smile can give life, and a frown can destroy!

5.

Should jealousy's torments embitter the woe
That arises from absence, what anguish shall flow!
What moaning and sighing!
Despairing and dying!
Ah! who shall describe what the lover shall know?

6.

To urge the soft subject, then cease, gentle fair.
I'm ill at such numbers, nor further shall dare;
For loves softest languish
Creates but new anguish,
And hence, dearest maid, the fond theme I forbear.

# Song.

*Allegretto.* *Schulz.*

Blos-som, love-liest flow-er, Planted by this hand; Sweet-est o-dours
show-er, Brighteſt tints ex-pand. Envied joys at-tend thee, To my love I'll
send thee; On her breast to lie. Hap-py des-tin-y!

1.

Blossom, loveliest flower,
Planted by this hand;
Sweetest odours shower,
Brightest tints expand.
Envied joys attend thee,
To my love I'll send thee,
On her breast to lie.
Happy destiny!

2.

Peggy, little charmer,
Is my best lov'd maid;
Should ill fortune harm her,
Sure I'd weep me dead.
Other maids excelling
She alone has dwelling
In my inmost breast;
There she reigns confess'd.

3.

Sure a girl so pretty
Nowhere shall be found:
And though blooming Kitty
Charms the village round;
Yet I must avow it,
Careleſs who may know it,
Might I Kitty wed,
"No," should soon be said.

4.

Yes, the little smiler
Holds my heart alone.
Nor will I beguile her
When I'm older grown
Yes, her beauttes move me;
Next to Heav'n above me,
Nothing have I here
Half as she so dear!

5.

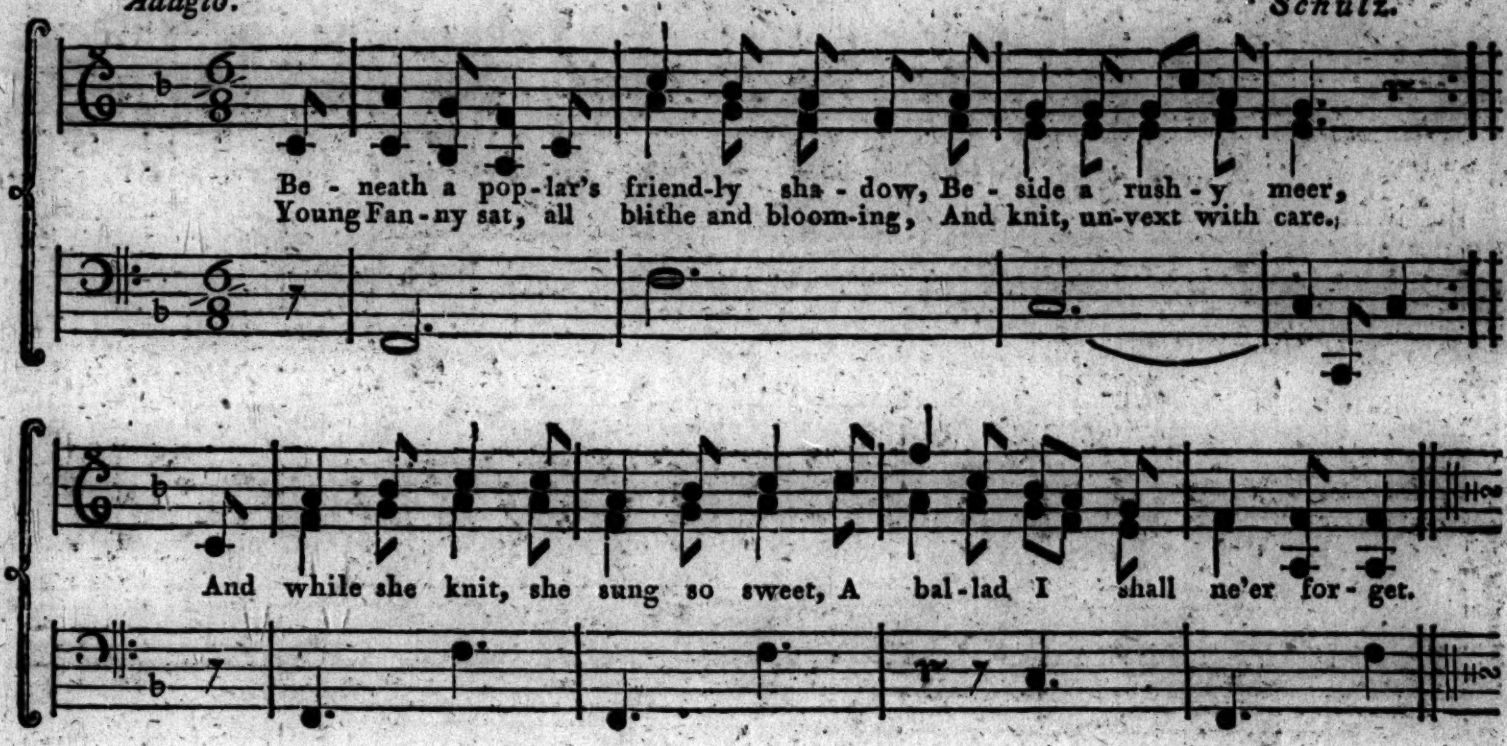
Oft the lads and lasses
Mock my tender care,
Oft, as Peggy passes,
Slyly at me stare.
Nought their jeering moves me,
Dearest Peggy loves me;
Soon they all shall see,
Peggy wed with me.

6.

Happy-fated flower,
'Ere to her you fly,
Blossom near my bower,
'Neath the vernal sky.
Soon, thy joy increasing,
Peggy's bosom gracing,
Kisses wait for thee.
One, perchance for me!

# Song.

*Adagio.* *Schulz.*


Be - neath a pop - lar's friend-ly sha - dow, Be - side a rush - y meer,
Young Fan - ny sat, all blithe and bloom-ing, And knit, un-vext with care.
And while she knit, she sung so sweet, A bal - lad I shall ne'er for - get.

1.

Beneath a poplar's friendly shadow,
Beside a rushy meer,
Young Fanny sat, all blithe and blooming,
And knit, unvext with care.
And while she knit, she sung so sweet,
A ballad I shall ne'er forget.

2.

When idly o'er the meadow wand'ring,
To lure the finny train;
Conceal'd beneath the alder bushes,
I heard dear Fanny's strain.
My useless angle down I laid,
And soft approach'd the blushing maid.

3.

"Why all alone? — shall I intrude me?"
"Fresh breathes the Zephyr here"
"Good swain," she cries, "I've just been straying"
"Along this glassy meer."
"But now the sun ascends the sky"
"And to the cooling shade I fly."

4.

I sat me down, and soon soft tremors
My listless limbs invade,
And Fanny's foot so neat and shapely,
By mine was closely laid;
And stretch'd upon the flow'ry green,
Her taper ancle too was seen.

5.

We trembled like two aspen branches,
And neither knew for why,
We talk'd of corn and kine and weather;
Then ceas'd, then 'gan to sigh.
And list'ned to the lapwing's strain,
And heard the bittern 'loud complain.

6.

Now bolder grown, her work I tangled;
I stole her yarn away:
And she, with knitting-pins assailing,
Provok'd the am'rous fray;
'Till quite incens'd, in playful spite,
She shew'd her teeth and vow'd she'd bite.

7.

But see, I cried, the sun's beams darting,
Across the quiv'ring spray;
They paint thy lip and tinge thy dimples
With purest, sweetest ray.
O'er ev'ry charm his glories beam,
As when he gilds the placid stream.

8.

She smil'd; — her bosom gently flutter'd,
And heav'd a stifled sigh;
I stole a kiss, and swore to love her:
She blush'd in kind reply.
And when I break my plighted vow,
The conscious stream shall cease to flow!

## Song.

*Poco Adagio.* *Reichardt.*

Un - no-tic'd in the lone-ly mebd, A vi-'let rear'd it's mo-dest head; A
sweet and lovely flow-er! A blooming maid came gadding by, With vacant heart and
glad-some eye, And tript, and tript, with spor-tive care-leſs tread.

1.

Unnotic'd in the lonely mead,
A violet rear'd its modest head;
A sweet and lovely flower!
A blooming maid came gadding by,
With vacant heart and gladsome eye,
And tript, and tript, with sportive careleſs tread.

2.

"Ah!" thought the violet, "had I now,"
"The roses matchleſs form and glow;"
"Tho' transient were the power;"
"To be but pluckt by that sweet maid,"
"And on her virgin bosom laid;"
"Blest fate! blest fate! what more could heav'n bestow?"

3.

Along the lovely maiden past,
Nor on the ground a look she cast,
But trod the hapleſs flower:
It sunk, it died, and yet was gay;
"And let me die," 'twas heard to say,
"If 'neath, if 'neath her feet, I breathe my last!"

# The Invitation.

*Andante* *Spatzier.*

A lone - ly cot is all I own; It stands on
yon - der ver - dant down, And near the brook; — the
brook is small, Yet clear its bub - ling foun - tains fall.

1.

A lonely cot is all I own:
It stands on yonder verdant down;
And near the brook; — the brook is small,
Yet clear its bubbling fountains fall!

2.

A spreading beech uprears its head,
And half conceals the humble shed:
From chilling winds a safe retreat;
A refuge from the noon-tide heat!

3.

And on its boughs the nightingale
So sweetly tells her plaintive tale,
That oft the passing rustics stray,
With loit'ring step to catch the lay!

4.

Sweet blue-ey'd maid with locks so fair,
My heart's dear pride, my fondest care!
I hie me home; — the storm doth low'r.
Come share, sweet maid, my shelt'ring bow'r!

## Song.

*Reichardt.*

Know'st thou the land, where ci - trons scent the gale, where glows the

*pf.*

or - ange in the gold-en vale, where soft - er breez - e

*f* *p*

fan the a - zure skies, where myr - tles spring and prouder

*p*

lau - rels rise? Say, know'st thou well? 'tis there, 'tis

*f* *pf.* *cresc.*

1.

Know'st thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,
Where glows the orange in the golden vale,
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,
Where myrtles spring and prouder laurels rise?
Say, know'st thou well?
'Tis there, tis there,
Our wand'ring steps, my faithful love, must tend.

2.

Know'st thou the pile, the colonade sustains,
Its splendid chambers and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array,
And seem, "what ails thee, hapleſs maid," to say?
Say, know'st thou well?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
My gentle guide, our wand'ring steps must tend.

3.

Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the day
Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way;
Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood;
And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood?
Say, know'st thou well?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
Our way must lead; ah, thither let us tend!

## The absent Fair.

*Andante assai grazioso.* *Hurka.*

Now mil - der blows the Ze - phyr, that waves the ten - der
spray. Now Flo - ra's lavish'd trea - sures Pro - claim the wel - come
May. See vernal joys al - luring, Soft joys I fain wou'd own, But
p
f
p

1.

Now milder blows the Zephyr
That waves the tender spray; —
Now Flora's lavish'd treasures
Proclaim the welcome May.
See vernal joys alluring:
Soft joys, I fain wou'd own!
But ah, no Spring can charm me; —
My love, alas! is flown!

2.

In vain the lap of Nature
Is rob'd in freshest green; —
In vain the rose-bud opens,
And vi'lets deck the scene.
No more I cull the flow'ret:
Dear task! 'twas once my own!
Ah then, it deck'd her bosom: —
But now, alas! she's flown!

3.

In vain the leafy bower
Now spreads its cooling shade; —
In vain the moon's soft lustre
Invites me o'er the mead.
Ah! once the bow'r could charm me; —
Its sweets I once could own!
There first I saw and lov'd her: —
But now, alas! she's flown!

# May Song.

*Allegro.* *Reichardt.*

Joy and Love, a - wake the pæ - an! Lead the dance, the cho - rus lead! May be - decks the conscious bow - er; Flora paints the ver - dant mead. Deep in yon se - ques - ter'd val - ley, Am - 'rous war-blings glad the grove. There as ev - 'ning's shade advances,

1.

Joy, and Love, awake the pæan!
Lead the dance, the chorus lead;
May bedecks the conscious bower,
Flora paints the verdant mead.
Deep in yon sequester'd valley,
Am'rous warblings glad the grove;
There as ev'ning's shade advances,
Meets the youth his plighted love.

2.

Gay assembly, ball and op'ra,
Charm the city youth and maid;
Shepherds court the vernal Zephyrs;
Shepherds haunt the bow'ry shade.
Crown the cup with new-blown roses,
List as waves the whisp'ring pine;
Seek the woodland's inmost shelter,
Near the mossy fount recline.

3.

Crop the flow'ret, cull the posy,
Garlands wreathe for beauty's hair;
Dance where hawthorns scatter odours,
Hail the twilight, pair and pair.
Now the nectar'd kiss be rifled!
Now attun'd the raptur'd lay!
Gayly scize life's fleeting treasures;
May and youth soon haste away!

# INDEX.


| | | | Page. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Holy Nature, heav'nly fair, | *(Süsse heilige Natur)* | from Stolberg. | V. |
| Strew the way with fairest flow'rs, | *(Rosen auf den Weg gestreut)* | Hölty. | VI. |
| The manly heart with love o'erflowing, | *(Bey Männern, welche Liebe fühlen)* | | VIII. |
| By moon-light's softest lustre, | *(Ich ging im Mondenschimmer)* | Stolberg. | XII. |
| To Bacchus, dear Bacchus, etc. | *(Dem Gotte der Reben etc.)* | | XIII. |
| Within these sacred bowers, | *(In diesen heilgen Hallen)* | | XVI. |
| A prey to tender anguish, | *(Ich habe viel gelitten)* | Schubart. | XVIII. |
| Blossom, loveliest flower, | *(Blühe, liebes Veilchen)* | Overbeck. | XX. |
| To sing of loves passion, etc. | *(Ein Liedchen von Liebe etc.)* | | XXI. |
| Beneath a poplar's friendly shadow, | *(Beschattet von der Pappelweide)* | Voſs. | XXIII. |
| Unnotic'd in the lonely mead, | *(Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand)* | Göthe | XXIV. |
| A lonely cot is all I own; | *(Ich hab' ein kleines Hüttchen nur)* | Gleim. | XXV. |
| Know'st thou the land, etc. | *(Kennst du das Land etc.)* | Göthe. | XXVI. |
| Now milder blows the Zephyr, | *(Schon wehen milde Weste)* | Müchler. | XXVIII. |
| Joy and Love, awake the pæan! | *(Freude jubelt; Liebe waltet;)* | Matthisson. | XXX. |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# INDEX.


| | | | Page. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Holy Nature, heav'nly fair, | *(Süsse heilige Natur)* from | Stolberg. | V. |
| Strew the way with fairest flow'rs, | *(Rosen auf den Weg gestreut)* | Hölty. | VI. |
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